

POEM OF THE WEEK

I HAVE A QUESTION.

I have a question. I'm interested in your response.
I don't wish to start an argument or a fight.
The world's gone to the sh*t. I think you would agree.
We, the older generation, are, in part, the villains;
We allowed ourselves to participate in destroying
A once-beautiful environment. One could blame
the Industrial Revolution on rapacious, greedy men
Who put themselves above a living biosphere;
Or generations of disinterest. One could!

I suggest a more sinister reason,
The driving force behind the Industrial Revolution.
The weapons of war industry.
It's time for a discussion,
The kind that drives actions.
Between whom? Aye, that is the question.
With our younger selves? Maybe.
How about the generation that is experiencing
This hell? The younger generation.

It will be their task to deal with the environment
And the effects. Can we advise and share wisdom?
F!ck off. We had our chance and blew it.
Some people see the Earth as a living organism.
An organism that has decided that we are unworthy.
So, it uses viruses to deal with us, a living virus.
Stupid to the extreme. Is this the end?

Or a new beginning?

Can we at least discuss the matter?
With whom?

IS IT VALID?

Is it a valid question?
Is "what" a valid question?
(Could be). I'm talking about
Questions regarding war

"Who's winning the war?"
"Who wins wars?"
"Who won the war?"
Do you see my point

The question's nebulous, O.K.?
Lacking detail, inviting opinion
It's a trap to get you into an argument
To get you into a fight

That's where wars begin
Isn't it?

Leslie D. Bush
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